

The Dear School

PT

couple scattery, nonseq.

start inside pv out windo

wole buncha jumpn spicks from India.

wgh

huntlodge knotty pine polished.

Focussing the twisted. First the couple, and quickly

I look away from the twisted couple to focus the automotive scene outside, where several wrecks nuzzle alongside new cars and trucks.

"We tried to warn you on the phone!" the old man insists, bringing my attention back to their cockeyed looks. They immediately shrink, as if anticipating a punch.

"Warn me? Whatever for? Anyway, I promised your Cynthia I'd drop by." Bent like question marks against the knotty pine interior, they shake gray heads.

"Leave it to her!" they harmonize.

"Anyway, I got here. What's the big deal?"

"Almost everybody gets here. It's the getting back!"--from Papa. "Why one time--"

"She does that, Cynthia, gets people to take terrible risks, using her...charms."--steps Mama on his attempted lead-in.

"It's the 'getting out' with her too--like it is from here,"

Papa intones like a wry seer.

"They consist of one thing, those charms!" squeals Mama. They both wink--and that's really grotesque. It comes to me why I feel uneasy. Their expressions prove a beat behind their words--tough to rearrange expensive plastic surgery on the instant. Their appearance is closest to greasy sausage skin stretched over the plastic heads of crash dummies. After the crash.

"Many are called and all are chosen," Papa guffaws. Language is what was left for them. And they really enjoy it in telling their breathless story.

They invite me to sit in the rec room (wreck more like) and tell the carnage on their rural road-- guaranteeing in harmony "you can't leave here without being hit. It's impossible!"

Maybe I'll find the window of opportunity. Shifting to a voice he spring under me.

All hrs, any strategy

We get the groceries on the internet and they're parachuted in from Gyro-Grocer. We run like the very devil to get em, cuz you never know when a four wheeler'll shoot through the pasture to get us. Again.

Now don't get paranoid, Dad! Everything's happened up there on the road so far.

Sometimes it just happens. Coincidence. Sometimes they just wait. By themselves, or in a bunch. There's even a club. Wimpmobile Mashers. Shrugs and tight head rolls slightly. neck surgery as if they still wore thick turtle collars, a fashion recommended by the legal profession. ast Ms Bleep. You think I'm gonna let my fudging brothers, has tattoos. Hummer. Is that a tank? They called up and told us they had one. I guess that's what hit us. We never saw. We were in the Miata--which was never found by the garage guy they gave permission to come in, Heard her screams though, Tattoo Girl. "Send you farts to heaven or to hell. in freeze rain storm some red bits in trees--so bad even the SUVs couldn't get out, so we went out a-walkin,

well a-falling-down, mostly but safe."

insurance mentioned: One agent was nice, gave a ball of tape from continental football league team went belly up. Big as man's head.

Even one of them's heads.

He said it was the Miami Cuban Grandes.

Claims?

Imitates rich cadence of insurance agent who could have been, too, an active little theater participant.

"You don't understand insurance. There's only one rule: you pay premiums.

Rest is public relations. Claims?--never heard the word"

Cops? That last one by the tattoo girl was attempted murder.

They coptored in and they they tried, then shrugged and made faces. Last thing, they laughed and couldn't stop, so we never

call anymore.

Well they did come to finish their report—I think to show they weren't afraid, got their cruiser smashed to smithereens leaving our driveway.

The one got killed was nice. Redhead. He bet me five dollars they could make it back. Mother here held the money. We never spent it.

Wasn't right. Blood money. We never spent it.

Headache since he not sure who

S talking.

Call 911 TV says. That's a joke. Systems worse now if you ask me.

Press one if you've been murdered. I offered in their sardonic , I thought, spirit.

They call me on that, explaining . See, if you're already murdered, you wouldn't be callin 911...

rep grimaces, heads shook in unison. As if each tight jacket of a skin bound them together as well as separately.

not pressing much of anything.

You can't call! Don't you see?

In one way people w/o wit are danger to the community. To its

morale. But when they try to tell you something, listen.

Unlike us wannabe jokers, they can't lie or embellish, or too softly understate . There's a clarity in them.

I'm trying to be less of an indifferent avatar of the sleazy irony permeating my time.

want toxic plant I offered to call congressman who embodied the gentleman's C when I knew him at Princeton.

opposite of most folks

so garb trucks'd clog road, busier roads have half the deaths and serious injuries. They put one over there in Millikan County.

We had to get super medicare gap insurance. Five thousand a month. But then we found out that's insurance too. Pay up, shut up, and don't claim nothin. Old days...

Well, when we first got old, they wouldn't pay the basic tv in the hospital. With the new policy that's all they pay.

Anyways, only hospital'll take us now is that there Rashanna Sun Cure-Module in the mountains, but we can't get up there till the Great Overunderall, up there in India,

gives them a helicopter-- according to the head Ogoroll...they call him up there, in India. He asked us to pray..

but how do you pray to all that mess they got. Gods for gardening and screwing and everything.

Easy, THEY GOT GOD FOR EVERYTHING.

TOO BAD THEY AINT GOT ONE FOR CAR WRECKS.

rep grimaces scared skin would break

Tried to strike positive note: llooking out the window again, old couple have 21 running cars, well, that go, don't wanna be hogs about it. 'Course people left a few when they was afraid to leave in em and couldn't or wouldn't pay a certain Captain Hook get em outa here.

When I was kid, av was 5 vehicles a person.

And the damn democrats wanna limit us to that again! The air stunk! So the air stinks. You can go anywhere and not have to listen to anyone's yammering. Crank up the AC!

The stinking air was killing off the minorities who couldn't

afford many cars, so, though it sounds mean to say it, it served a purpose. They both gravely nodded.

Fearless, I blast out of there, flooring my Ford Expedition all the way home!--I'd like to say, but I'm not stupid.

Ben Franklin experience is a dear school but fools will attend no other. Got too many foolish scars, external and int- from the "dear," the very expensive. The frequently macho part

...narr hires helo to get him and car out and describes but not the infamous Captian Hook, but Rotohaul--the old couple had a coupon. Drive into sold compartment behind the pilot and passsenger. Captain Hook winches and leaves the vehicle dangling, thus vulnerable to ground fire.

1st wimpwomile mash club he gives finger to. huge knobby tired pickups and the aforementioned Hummer. They try to get hm and car before winch up and then chase enabling him to see wrecks from above flame and smoke. As we rose prety fast they gave us whole arms instead of fingers.

Like lightning strikes. ROTOTAXI Yellow pgs: EXPENSIVE? the
copter flying through dollar signs.

WHAT'S YOUR LIFE WORTH? The copy pitched.

He pick it up and drop it off at my supremely gated suburb.
So the evening proves dear all right. But I did it for a woman.
Flamed face oldster watching me get out of there.

some like mush clouds. crater full of fiery mashed potatoes
Screaming Pilot: who'd wanna live some other time? Tremendous!
fuck! shit! (3) r look

He emitted a stream of fuck! out of synch with prop throb
ep grimaces wheezes groans inappropriate laughs: maybe the
righties are correct: we try to regulate everything